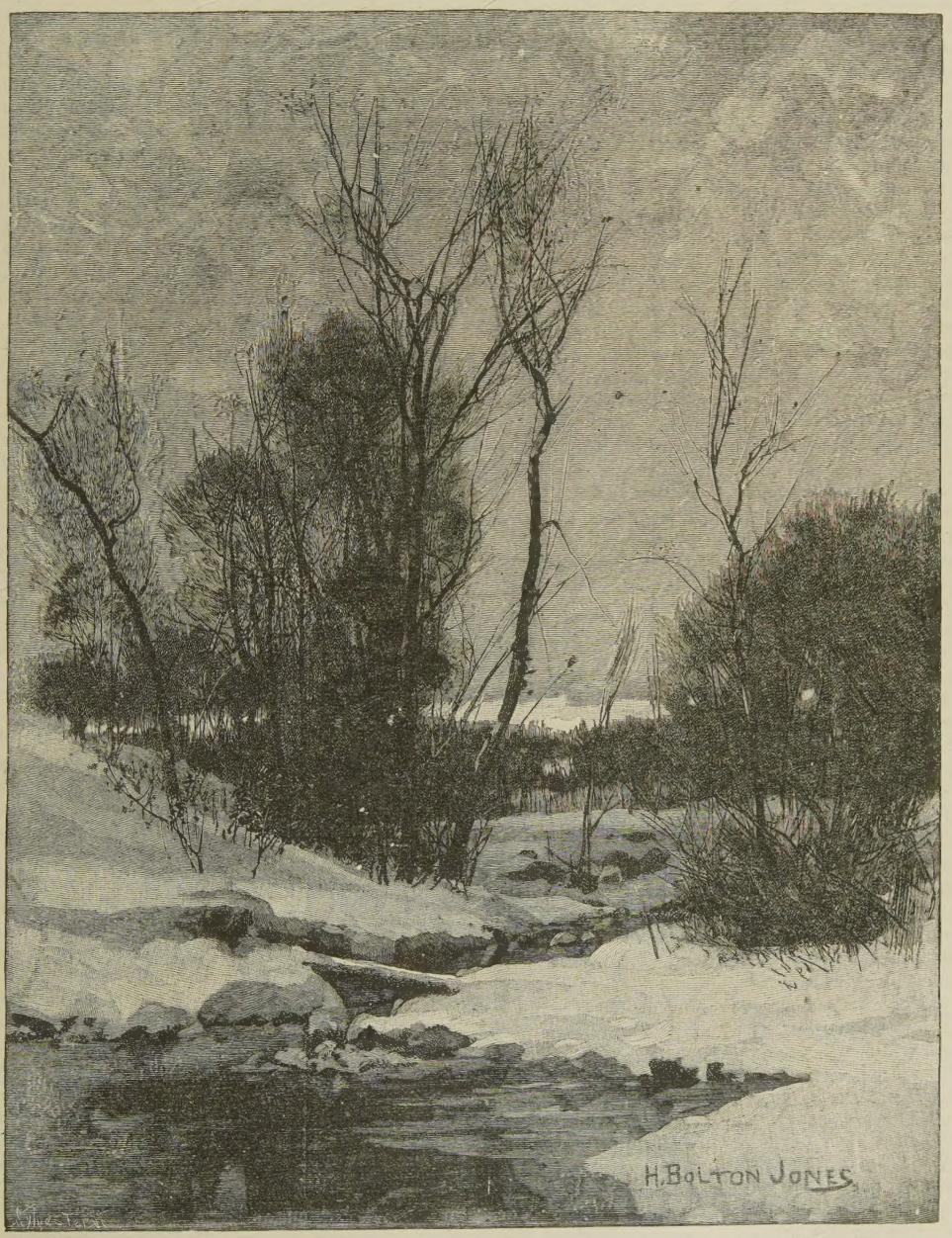
EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. III.—No. X. BOSTON, JANUARY 22, 1888. { Entered as second-class mail matter.



WOODS IN WINTER.

A STORY OF EPIPHANY.

BY ANNIE E. PURINTON.

"HUSH, child!" Signora Vittoria took up the wailing baby from the cradle. "Hush, hush! Holy Mother, the child is dying!" she said, as she saw the pinched features and labored breathing of the little one.

Signor Lanzio, handsome, fat, good-natured, occupied in the profitable business of warming his fingers over the scaldini filled with burning hot coals, crosses the room. He looks at the baby. There are many in the house, — six Roman children, with beautiful brows, straight noses, and curved lips. But the six pretty, pouting mouths must be fed. The Signor mutters, "It is hard to bring up children on little or nothing. It does n't matter much one mouth the less to feed."

"Run, Else, fetch me the cloak, the cap! If I can but reach the Bambino, the Holy Child may bless her!" But already it was too late. It was only a little waxen image that lay in the mother's arms.

Signor Lanzio crossed himself with proper reverence, and then slowly returned to his usual vocation of warming his fingers.

"Oh, Else, why were you so slow?" said the Signora, fretfully, a few days after, as she sat watching the little housemaid busy at her work. "Had you but made haste, the child might have been saved. One touch of the Bambino would have healed her."

Else, just lifting the drinking-pail out of the deep, dark well, which in Rome seems to reach from the sky to the other side of the earth, closed the big door which shut it from the rest of the house, and quickly dropping the pail, stood respectfully before the Signora. Else had been in Rome but six months. Everything was new to her, — the habits, customs, and manners of the people.

"Will Signora tell me about the Bambino?" she asked humbly, filled with sympathy for the sorrow which she could not help.

Signora Vittoria looked up with sudden wonder. Was the child a heathen not to know the story that had been acted out for so many, many years? Her Rome was her world. What they did there must be done everywhere.

"Ah, stupid," she declared, shaking her head, "not to know the Christ-child, — the Babe that came to save you and me! It was long ago, but the Blessed Child still lives to work miracles. Next week is Epiphany. Follow the crowd to the Church of Ara Cœli, and there you can see him. Ah, he can heal!" cried the poor mother. "One touch of his body, and the lame walk, the blind receive their sight."

Else opened her large dark eyes, her breath came quickly. "The blind receive their sight! Is it really true? What if Christoph — "

But the Signora, selfish in her grief, took no interest in Christoph, and turning away, gave herself once more to sad repining.

The recollection of the Bambino gave Else many thoughts that day. "What if — what if — " she kept repeating to herself. A vision of happiness was continually before her mind. Never had she worked with a lighter heart or a freer step. Her busy feet seemed never tired. Even the Signora noticed her brightness. "Why are you so happy?" she asked her. "Because the little Christ-child was born and could work miracles," she could have answered truly.

"You are always cheerful and happy, and yet life is so sad!" said the Signora with a sigh.

Else straightened herself a little: "Ah, Signora, I am young. I must work. If I am sad it helps nothing. If I am glad it may make some one smile. Poverty is hard, but I am strong. I can do many things to make Christoph happy. Why should I be dull?" and the little philosopher stooped down and took Luigi in her arms. Yes, it is far better to smile, though one has burdens to bear. Luigi thinks so, and toddles after Else hour after hour.

But it was a long day even to cheerful Else. She wanted to get home, she had so much to think of. At last she was free; and running down the long flight of stone steps, she came into the street. Only once she stopped. It was before a church-door. She heard the solemn chanting of the priests, and lifting the heavy curtain, she entered. The incense rose and floated in the air. The chanting priests moved to and fro before the altar. Long lines of white-robed boys knelt in their stalls. Else came before the altar of the Virgin, and dropping down before a straw-bottomed chair, offered a long and earnest prayer.

"And Christ can save," muttered an old woman, counting her beads. "And Christ can heal," thought Else, as she looked at the Child in the Virgin's arms. A sunbeam, gliding along from pillar to pillar, touching the old grandeur with a momentary brightness, fell on the kneeling child. The sweet and gentle face seemed worthy of the sunbeam's touch.

Two strangers, walking down the nave of the church, glanced at the kneeling girl. "A little modern saint," said one to the other, as he looked upon the small, neatly dressed figure, with its slim back that told of youthful vigor. "Not doomed to kneel and pray, but live and work," retorted his companion.

Else was born and had always lived in a little village in the Rhone valley. When she was eight years old her mother died. Young as the child was, with an intelligence born of poverty and necessity, she kept the house for her father Franz and little Christoph, the two-year-old baby. Cheerful and helpful, she was a child that might have been a father's joy and a mother's comfort. But lazy, good-natured Franz gave but little thought to his children. It was quite a matter of course that Else had no time to play with the other children. It was she who must keep the house tidy, must cook the food that was so scantily provided, must deny herself her own bit if Christoph was hungrier than usual. In that school of constant self-denial she grew in goodness and beauty. Fortunate it was that though the little maid had so many burdens, she carried a light heart; and her rosy cheeks dimpled and smiled as she climbed the ridge of the rock for the pure spring water, or stopped to feed the goats that were browsing in front of the cottage.

Franz was a wood-carver, and plied his trade with more or less diligence as the occasion demanded. If he wanted a luxury he would work heartily on his carved toys, his knives and forks and boxes adorned with quaint and pretty figures. He could quickly earn the coveted sum. But the children, — it did not matter much about them.

One day he grew tired of his work; he wanted to see the world. When the spring came he determined to enjoy the bright weather. So picking up their few goods and chattels, and strapping a knapsack on his back, he bade the children follow him, and started out to see the world. Where they were going, what would be their fate, Else dared not ask her father, but in her motherly fashion looked after Christoph, that no accident should happen to him.

"Now life is really worth living," declared Franz, as he breathed in the fresh air and then threw himself down under the shade of a tree to enjoy his afternoon nap.

"We will cross over on the other side of the Alps; there it is always summer. We will go to Italy; we will visit Rome," he said the next day, as he travelled along the broad highway. "No danger of getting lost, now that they have cut a pass through the mountains."

But it was many months before they reached Rome. Fair, sunshiny days there were many, and trees and fields and flowers whispered that summer had come. Franz now and then would stop long enough to carve a few things and sell them, and in that way they eked out a subsistence.

It was not a bad life; and as the children played by the wayside, making friends with the lizards lying in ambush for the humming-bird or the butterfly, and the blackbird and thrush joined their soft voices with theirs, they never wished themselves back in their village home.

They always got something to eat and drink; and in those days Franz felt good-natured, and was kind to them.

But Franz was born only for the sunshine. Before he had finished his journey Christoph fell sick, — a poisonous fly stung him. That was vexatious. In spite of Else's care he grew worse. It is hard to break old habits. Franz began to neglect the children; he grew sullen and cross.

"Why do you cry? It makes you look ugly," said Christoph to Else one day. And though Else had a great trouble in her heart, she quickly wiped the tears away and smiled.

Poor little Christoph! there was no need of Else's hiding a sad face from him long. He gradually grew better; but he always complained, "It is dark, so dark!" Alas! when he once more went into the sunshine he was blind.

Rome pleased Franz. "Now we can be happy," he declared; and he was so for just six months. Then his old roving habits came back again. The daily routine grew irksome. And once more flinging his knapsack on his back, he gave Else a little money, said he would be back in a few months, and left the children to shift for themselves.

Else was now fourteen. Her brave heart was shaken many times; but with her simple faith she believed that God would take care of them. Sometimes she wondered if other children's fathers were like hers; but she had no chance for comparison, and if she had, her loyal little soul would have still believed he did right.

But good fortune had not quite deserted her. Signora Vittoria, in search of a housemaid, heard of Else. "She is just the one," she said, "to look after the six children." And the Signora was quite right. No one could be so patient and kind to them as Else. And when she was allowed to take Christoph with her in their walks, she was quite happy.

Besides that, Else had one other friend. Padre Jerome, shambling up the long flight of stairs in the crowded tenement, happened one day to pass their door. It was ajar, and he looked in. What a well-scrubbed floor! What unusually clean windows! He started back; he was not accustomed to so much neatness. It was in the top story, and the sunshine, which is so hard to find below, flooded the little room. Each well-scoured tin served as a mirror. Christoph had a long line of chairs in the middle of the room. He was taking a journey all by himself into the Rhone valley. Hearing a footfall on the creaky stairs, he turned his head to listen to the intruding steps. But the Padre hesitated. Standing in the background, he silently watched the child.

And Christoph went on with his journey. What a shout he gave when he reached his old home! He remembered it all. Up stretched the trees, almost into the blue sky. Through the branches, hither and thither, sang the birds. The humble flowers of the field reached out a greeting, and the old house-dog, which he had left with many tears, thumped with his tail a thousand welcomes. But Else is in Rome; he must return. The journey back was slower. At every chair he stops, as if loth to come back. The last chair is reached, the fun is over; and with that look of patient endurance that one so often sees in the blind, he turns his face to the door to catch the first sound of his sister's coming.

"He is blind," said the Padre to himself, as he shook his head and softly turned away. After that he often came there. Else learned to look for him, in his cloak and stove-pipe hat. There was a great deal of kindness in his intentions. We are apt to be kind when it requires no great effort.

"Surely he can be cured," he said one day, as he held Christoph in his lap. Else, busy with the preparation for their humble meal, dropped her grid-

iron in her excitement. "Ah, Padre Jerome, can it — can it be true?"

The Father looked at the child long and thoughtfully. "Yes, but who's to pay?" he said, with a touch of coldness in his voice.

"O Father, I am young, I am strong," she said, stretching out her arms. "I can work."

The old priest shook his head. "All very good," he said, a little scornfully, "but you are only a child," measuring her height as he spoke. "Ah, well! the loss of one faculty is quickening all his others," he said consolingly, as he left the room.

But the matter didn't quite end here. Padre Jerome had a conscience, though it was dulled by want of practice. That night he thought of the child as he sat by the fire getting ready his evening meal. He stopped midway in his preparations; somehow the figure of the blind boy obstructed his vision. He thoughtfully rubbed his hand over his head, he walked once or twice across the room, then he sat down with an uncomfortable sigh. "I'll read my Aves; the Lord will take care of the child," he said to himself at length, and with that pious thought he ate his supper.

It was the morning of Epiphany. Else was granted a holiday, — an unusual indulgence for her. That afternoon she was to take Christoph to see the Christ-child. She had risen long before light, for in her excitement she could not sleep. Something wonderful was going to happen. She said her prayers by the open window, hoping that God could hear her better.

"Of all things in the world, what would you most like?" she asked of Christoph, as she was putting on his coat and cap. Christoph thought long, and then with a sudden movement he threw his arms about her neck. "To see thee, my sister," he said, with a sob.

There was a great crowd on the steps of the Church of Ara Cœli when the children reached it. The flight of one hundred and twenty-four steps was thronged with merchants and sight-seers. All sorts of devices introducing the Madonna and Child were offered for sale. Pictures of saints, crosses and medals, and little dolls representing the Christ-child, were enticingly held out. The noise frightened Christoph. He could not understand what it all meant. He would go no farther, he cried obstinately. Almost face to face with the fulfilment of her hopes, and yet Christoph drew back!

"See here! don't stand there filling up the way. Go on!" said a man, rudely crowding by them and with his thumb pointing up to the church.

"See, Christoph, the little Christ-child! I will buy it," whispered Else, eagerly. With this promise as an inducement Christoph was willing to press on.

Once inside the church, Else looked around her with painful intensity. Then a sense of bitter disappointment came over her. Was this painted doll, covered with diamonds and laces, the Christ born in a manger who came to save? Mary and Joseph were represented as seated in a sort of grotto, while the Holy Babe in his mother's arms is receiving the adoration of the kings and the shepherds. It was a beautiful picture, but the unreality of it filled Else's soul with dim forebodings. A sudden conviction smote her that all her hopes had been false. The bishop stooped low, and lifted the Christ-child from the Mother's arms; and the long procession of priests, amid chanting music and floating incense, slowly passed through the body of the church.

"Now, Christoph, kneel, kneel! Touch the dear Christ, and you shall see him." The crowd drop back reverently. Else presses forward. The moment has come, the procession is near them; for an instant it halts. "Dear Christ, heal and save!" whispered Else, as with trembling hand she guided the little fingers to touch the Infant's robe. Her breath came quickly; the people and the crowd swam before her eyes. Could it be that her prayer was answered?

(*Continued on page* 78.)

History and Biography.

DOROTHEA L. DIX.

BY G. D. P.

It was through the exertions of the noble woman who is the subject of this sketch that the attention of the English people was brought to the miserable condition of the insane in certain parts of Great Britain, and the needed reforms set on foot. During the discussion of the matter in Parliament, a member expressed his great mortification that such evils should have existed unknown or unnoticed by the clergy, the officials, and the philanthropists of his own country, and should have been brought to light by a fragile woman who was both a *foreigner* and a *Unitarian*.

What was the shame of the gentleman who loved his church and his country, is *our* glory and pride; for Miss Dix was an American and a friend and follower of Dr. Channing. All through her life she persistently shunned public mention or public honors, but now that she is dead, every American, and particularly every American Unitarian, should know of her noble life.

Miss Dix was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, at the end of the last century, and was nearly ninety years of age at her death, which occurred but a few months ago. In her early life she taught school in Boston, and was the author of several books for the young, all of which were published anonymously. Her attention was first attracted to the insane by a Sunday visit she made to the East Cambridge House of Correction, where she went to take another's place as teacher of a class of women. After service there, she crossed the yard to the jail and found within it about thirty insane persons in the most wretched condition, receiving no proper treatment and shut up in damp, dark cells. From that day she devoted herself to the relief of the insane; and though she had delicate health, and only means enough to meet her own modest wants, and at first but little influence, what she accomplished seems to belong to the realm of miracles.

Before that visit to England during which she so humiliated the proud English gentleman, Miss Dix had visited all the jails, almshouses, prisons, and insane asylums in every State east of the Rocky Mountains, and had been instrumental in establishing proper asylums for the insane in Pennsylvania, New York, Indiana, Illinois, Louisiana, North Carolina, Rhode Island, and New Jersey. It was in one of the last named — that at Trenton — that she died. Rooms were furnished there for her and always kept for her use.

Miss Dix's influence was also used abroad, for in all her travels she made it her business to visit every place where the insane were liable to be confined. It is through her influence that there are to-day good hospitals for those afflicted people in Dalmatia, the Isle of Jersey, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Rome. A very interesting story is told of her efforts in the last-named place, where her free speech to the good Pope Pius IX. was the means of alleviating much misery among the insane in the established hospital there.

Miss Dix is said to have had wonderful control over the insane, being able to calm even the most violent by her gentle manner and sweet voice. As an illustration of one of her methods, as well as an indication of her own deeply religious nature, she once said that "among the hundreds of crazy people with whom she had been brought into companionship she had never found *one* individual, however fierce and turbulent, who could not be calmed by Scripture and prayer uttered in a low and gentle voice." Some very touching stories are told of her experience with these unfortunate creatures.

Although her mission was particularly to the insane, it was not the only work she did. For four years and a half, during the War of the Rebellion, she filled a position which hardly another woman in the country was competent to hold. She was superintendent of female nurses, and had in charge all the regularly enrolled nurses employed in the army, — about six hundred. In her work she was untiring, and seemed to the nurses under her to be everywhere at once, — in front, in the rear, on board of transports and trains, in forts, and on the field, — wherever the sick and wounded were to be found. In the army she had the rank of major-general, but she drew no pay, — accepting nothing for her labors. She was not only a good woman, but a great one. Her executive abilities were as rare as her wisdom, earnestness, and tact. It is a matter of congratulation that she belongs to us both because of her nationality and her religion.

THE SAND MAN.

BY CARO A. DUGAN.

When the evening shadows fall
  Widely over sea and land,
Then the little Sand Man comes
  With his horn of sleepy sand.
As he shakes it here and there,
  Flowers fold their petals bright;
Little birdies in their nests
  Twitter out a soft "good-night."

When he shakes his silv'ry horn
  'Mong the children at their play,
All the little eyelids droop
  In the strangest, sweetest way;
Little faces lie so still
  Warm against each dimpled hand,
As the Sand Man faster now
  Drops the grains of shining sand.

When he finds a happy child,
  Who, through all the busy day,
Has been loving, kind, and true, —
  There the Sand Man loves to stay,
While he whispers smilingly
  In the little dreaming ear
Tales more wondrous far than those
  Waking children ever hear.

When the east begins to glow,
  Swift the little Sand Man flies;
For the early sunbeams now
  Open wide the children's eyes.
Flowers wake, and birdlings sing
  Far up in the shining blue;
All the little children cry, —
  "Sand Man dear, good-by to you!"

GROWN-UP LAND.

"Good-morrow, fair maid, with lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?"

"Oh, this way and that way, never a stop.
'T is picking up stitches grandma will drop,
'T is kissing the baby's troubles away,
'T is learning that cross words never will pay,
'T is helping mother, 't is sewing up rents,
'T is reading and playing, 't is saving the cents,
'T is loving and smiling, forgetting to frown, —
Oh, that is the way to Womanhood Town!"

"Just wait, my brave lad, one moment, I pray.
Manhood Town lies where? Can you tell the way?"

"Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land, —
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand!
'T is by climbing up the steep hill Work,
'T is by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,
'T is by always taking the weak one's part,
'T is by giving the mother a happy heart,
'T is by keeping bad thoughts and actions down, —
Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town!"

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in Grown-up Land.

Our Letter-Box.

Our Letter-Box is so full that we have only space to say we trust all our readers had a "Merry Christmas" and are making this a "Happy New Year." We would thank C. A., of Groton, C. H., of Concord, and M. T. R., of Jamaica Plain, Mass., for correct answers to enigmas in our back numbers, and would say to Miss Kathleen Warren that if she will send us the answer to her enigma we shall be very glad to give it a place in our columns. The letters given below have interested us very much.

Union City, Pa.

Editor Every Other Sunday, — As it has been a number of weeks since any contributions have been made to Our Letter-Box from Union City, I thought I would write a letter, as I have before sent two enigmas. Our Sabbath-school during the month of July enjoyed a vacation of four weeks. Our pastor and his wife spent their vacation at Stuart, Nebraska. Since our vacation the Society and Sunday-school have been in a flourishing condition. Our school, being young, has only recently purchased a library of over thirty books consisting of books for adults down to those just learning to read. The 30th of October we had a harvest service which was very nice. The Union City people had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Mary A. Livermore on the 5th of November deliver her celebrated lecture on "The Boy of To-day," under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. On Sunday morning, the 6th, she gave a temperance lecture before a union temperance meeting.

Editor Every Other Sunday, I am sure that our whole Sabbath-school would join with me in thanking you for the Every Other Sunday; its coming is looked forward to with great pleasure.

Hattie P. Slack, age twelve years.

Dear Editor, — I enjoy reading the letters in the Every Other Sunday, and wish there would be more of them. I liked the story of Dicky Wy Wy very much. Last night I went over to my aunt's to tea, and my aunt and my brother worked out Enigma VII. and Enigma VIII. I send you the answers. I will now say good-by. Your friend and reader,

Grace.

Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Editor:

Dear Friend, — Some kind friend sent me a package of Every Other Sunday, for which I am very thankful. I read in your last paper that you wanted more letters. I will try and send you one. I was a Boston boy once, and went to Mr. Savage's church and Sunday-school. We used to have very nice times in our Sunday-school, and also reading from these papers.

Dear Mr. Editor, we have nice Sunday-schools way out here in Chicago which I like very much to attend. I go to the Church of the Redeemer, and there are about three hundred and seventy-five in the Sunday-school. I like Chicago very much to live in because there are such nice buildings and fine, wide streets, and the loveliest parks I ever saw. I lived three years in Lexington, Mass. I am eleven years old now. I cannot think of anything more to write, so good-by, Mr. Editor, from

Bertie Morse.

Chicago, Ill.

ENIGMA X.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 5, 9, 7, 2, 3, is a shrub that bears a round nut that is good to eat.

My 1, 6, 8, 9, 10, is a square or street in Eastern cities where goods are exposed for sale.

My 4, 5, 2, 1, 6, was a country in Arabia whose queen went to visit Solomon. She had heard of his great wisdom and went "to prove him with hard questions." (1 Kings.)

My 3, 2, 9, 5, was the daughter of Laban who was given as wife to Jacob, before Rachel.

My 2, 8, 10, 9, was a famous scribe who wrote at least three of the books of the Old Testament, one of which bears his name.

My whole was the last king of Babylon, of whom Daniel tells us something very interesting.

ENIGMA XI.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, is a vowel.

My 2, 3, 4, is what comes after sorrow.

My 17, 12, 18, 14, 5, 5, 9, is used in whaling.

My 4, 5, 6, is a pronoun.

My 20, 6, 9, 10, 8, 15, is a day of rest.

My 16, 11, 18, 19, 7, 21, is one of the titles given to our Saviour.

My 22, 23, 7, 24, is an abbreviation for the name of a State.

My 13, 8, 15, is what one who works expects in return.

My whole is what I hope all may have many times.

Maud.

Petersham.

ENIGMA XII.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 2, 14, 9, 6, is a girl's name.

My 13, 1, 11, 12, is a part of a ship.

My 7, 8, 4, 10, 15, 12, is one whose example we should follow.

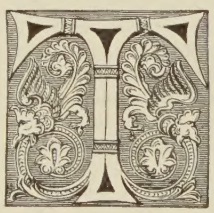
My 15, 12, 5, 3, 3, 12, is a place where horses are driven.

My whole is what I hope you all have had.

Herbert R. Stearns, ten years old.

For Youngest Readers.

WHO STOLE THOSE HAZEL-NUTS?



"WHAT was the question which agitated the family for days. It was really most mysterious where those nuts went to, and went so fast.

Roy had got them; it was his first nutting frolic, and no one could tell how proud he was of that big bagful.

"They 've got to dry," he declared, "and where can they be spread?"

A good many places were proposed, — the barn floor — but the rats might get them there; the garret floor — but mice might come there; mamma offered a corner of the kitchen, but Norah turned up the corners of her eyebrows, as if she thought they 'd be in the way (what could you expect of a girl who said hazel-nuts tasted no better than raw potatoes when they were green, and exactly like so many chips when they were dry?); but at last Roy hit on the very place.

Outside the window of his own room was the top of a porch. Surely nothing could touch them there, and mamma gave him leave to put them out, she holding on to his kilt all the time as he spread them, and he putting himself on his honor never to get out there by himself.

So Roy's mind was at rest for a few days. He could reach out and get a few to crack for his mother — who, if she shared Norah's opinion of hazel-nuts, never said so — and his little brother Sam and himself.

And now the mystery began. Roy, looking sharply out at his nuts every evening when he went to bed in the summer twilight, could not help thinking more were taken than he took himself. He stopped taking any, to make sure.

The nuts were disappearing, — disappearing so fast that it would not take many days for all to be gone, that was certain.

But who was the thief? Not Norah, naturally. Not mamma, Roy was sure, although as far as he knew she doted on hazel-nuts. Rats and mice could n't get up there, he thought. Julius Cæsar, the dog (Roy thought he was called so because he had a way of seizing things, but this was a mistake; it was simply his full name), although fond of nuts when you cracked them for him, would n't be likely to try to chew up those pricking shells for himself. Belinda, the cat, never ate nuts.

Still they kept going. Roy went to his room one evening right after tea, to watch. But he fell asleep and lay with his head on the window-sill till midnight, when he awoke with a dreadful crick in his neck and a bad cold from the draught. He had felt sure he had kept watch most of the time, but he had seen no thief.

The next day his mother took her sewing and sat in Roy's room. When he came home from school what do you guess was the first thing he said? It was —

"Mamma! — Where 's mamma! — *Mamma!* — Mamma!"

Soon he heard her softly calling —

"Sh-h-h-h — look!" she said. "I've found the thief!" Roy looked out and saw at once that more nuts were gone.

"I declare, I 'll go for a policeman."

"Wait," she said.

A blue-jay had just perched on the edge of the porch-roof. The saucy rogue took several dainty little hops towards the nuts. He bobbed his head from side to side, looking at Roy first out of one bright eye and then the other, giving half-timid, half-pert chirps, which meant as plainly as a bird could put it —

"Of course you would n't hurt me? — and *of course* you don't mind my helping myself to a few of your nuts when you 've got so many?" Then he seized a bunch of nuts half as large as himself, and flew away without waiting to say thank you.

"This is the third time he has been here within the last two hours," said Roy's mother.

This story is every word true, for I could show you the very mother of the very boy who owned the very nuts which were stolen by that very blue-jay. — *Selected.*

Somebody must give up, always, when things fall wrong.

Nay, let us be thankful and strong
That the breath of life is as long as the day,
And the song is as long as the weariful way,
And so, we 'll go singing along.

A FASCINATING SPORT.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

NERO.

BY HELEN STRONG.

Our dog Nero is a wonderful and noble fellow. When I tell you some of his deeds, perhaps you will want to find out where he lives and make him a visit.

To begin with, he is a large, pure Newfoundland breed. His shaggy black hair is as glossy in the sunlight as satin. His eyes are so truthful that one who looks into them once loves and trusts him ever afterwards. I do not know which one of us loves him best, but Ida calls him her very own, because he was given to her by the washer-woman four years ago.

We were getting ready to spend a few weeks in the country this last summer, and the day before we started, Ida called Nero to her, to tell him all about our plans in regard to him, — where he would find food, how he was to spend his time, where to stay, etc.

You need not laugh, because Nero is perfectly able to understand all that is said, knows how to obey better than most children do; and I would trust him much farther than I would many men and women.

Nero had shown plainly that he noticed our packing, hurrying around, etc., and had looked inquisitive several days; but he was too well bred and dignified to show impatience. So he waited till some one was ready to tell him all about it.

Ida began talking to him in this way, —

"Nero, we are going away for two months, and we want you to take good care of the house. You may go over to Mrs. Snow's across the street for your meals, but at all other times do not go out of sight of the house. Do you understand what I say?"

Nero gave a sharp, quick bark, which meant yes, just as plainly as if he had said it.

We went away, and when we came back we inquired of the neighbors how Nero had behaved while we were gone. They gave us wonderful reports of his faithfulness. He had obeyed to the letter every word that Ida had said. Regularly at meal time he had gone across the way to Mrs. Snow's for his food, solemnly returned to his post, looked all around the yard and house, satisfied himself that all was right and safe, then had lain down on the front steps again. Nothing would induce him to go away for a moment. Boys tried to tempt him with bones; children, with whom he was so ready to play just a short time ago, could not persuade him to go off with them even a few rods from the house.

A young lady living in the neighborhood, who is much interested in music, came over to see us the same day we returned. She called Nero, took his fore paws in her hands, saying, "Now, Nero, I want you to show your home people what I have taught you this summer." Of course we were all anxious and interested to know of any new accomplishments our pet had acquired.

Nero raised his head, rolled his eyes around in a modest, pitiful way, and gave us each a loving glance as much as to say, "Do not expect too much, my dear friends, but I will do the best I can."

To our amusement and astonishment the young lady sang the *first note of the scale* two or three times, and after each time she stopped, touching Nero's jaw, saying coaxingly or imperatively, "Sing, Nero, sing; there's a good dog."

It seemed an impossibility that she was asking of poor Nero, so we interposed, saying, "Oh, do not be so unreasonable; that is cruel."

In a minute, however, we were astonished to hear him make a sort of howl in exactly the same key the lady had sung. She next sang "re-e-e," and after she had repeated the sound once or twice the dear old dog actually changed his key, and wailed a prolonged tone. We could hardly believe our ears when she sang "mi-i-i" (No. 3 of the scale), commanding Nero to follow her. Do you believe it? The dog really changed again, feeling his way thoughtfully and carefully, reaching the right place for a third time. It was too wonderful. We almost held our breath as numbers four, five, six, seven, and eight (fa, sol, la, si, do) were all sung, or howled, by our precious old dog.

The tears came to our eyes, as the tired and faithful creature sank on the floor, exhausted, and closed his eyes. We could not pat and hug him enough. We praised him, and showed him in every possible manner how much we appreciated his efforts and marvellous success.

You cannot wonder now why Nero is loved and respected by all the family and neighbors. His intelligence is altogether too superior to be called *instinct*. He has good judgment, wisdom, kindness, honesty, constancy, honor, and other fine traits that human beings of the highest order possess.

A STORY OF EPIPHANY.

(*Continued from page* 75.)

"Christoph," she said softly. The child looked up. There was no new intelligence in his sightless eyes. The miracle had not been performed. "Perhaps we can meet him again," said Else, bravely, but with a great fear tugging at her heart. Her faith was sorely shaken.

An hour after Else was toiling down the long flight of steps. All the lightness and buoyancy of youth seemed to have left her. Everything looked as dark to her as to the little blind boy at her side. She felt so old, so different from the children still swarming about!

"Sister, what did the Christ-child look like?" asked Christoph, all unconscious of what he had missed. Thank God! he could not read the trouble in his sister's eyes. His own face expressed only a vague curiosity, which presently gave way to a pleased anticipation as he remembered the doll, wrapped in layers of cotton wool, that he held in his hand. He must sit down and play with it. Else drew him into a sheltered corner, and for awhile in his new enjoyment he forgot everything else. Presently he grew tired, and dropping his head in his sister's lap, fell fast asleep. Else drew him quite close to her to keep him well warmed, and taking her shawl from her shoulders, wrapped it around him. "Christoph, Christoph, mein brüder!" she whispered, in heartbroken accents.

The joyous day that had promised so much had come and gone. The night was falling. Ah, was it as cold as this centuries ago when the Holy Child was born? They knew him not then, but now the world was ready to receive him. Had he forgotten Christoph? The pedlers with their wares had long ago deserted the steps. Only Else, so young, so unhappy, sat there with her burden of trouble. The mercy of heaven seemed far above her; and between her trembling lips came the cry, "Christoph, Christoph, mein brüder!"

. . . . . .

It was almost midnight when Dr. Lill and a companion passed along through the deserted streets, and stopped for a moment to notice the effect of the moonlight on the quaint old church of Ara Cœli.

"How strange that in an age of civilization such a pagan worship still exists as that which they lavish on the painted doll yonder!" said Dr. Lill.

"Yes; but weakness and superstition lives. The world craves some emblem of our Saviour. If this image keeps alive in the hearts of the ignorant the memory of his life who loved mankind, even this worship is not in vain," said his friend, throwing an exhausted cigar on the ground. The spark still flickered. He turned to put his foot upon it, when it came in contact with something more yielding than the hard stone. He stooped quickly, and gave an exclamation of astonishment. At that moment the shifting moonlight fell full upon the face of a sleeping child. "Our little modern saint!" exclaimed both young men at once. "And well named," said Dr. Lill, bending over her. "She has robbed herself of every comfort to protect the little fellow. Surely he who lives again in these days would not have one of his lambs perish! We are his workmen. Call a carriage, Jack."

. . . . . .

It is six months after that when we again meet Else, — happy months, with kind and gentle voices all about her. Her prayer had been answered, but not as she had asked. His ways were better. She was standing in a room, waiting for some one. There was a look of eagerness in her face. Her manner plainly said that something was going to happen.

"Else!" She turns with a start. Dr. Lill stands before her. He takes her hands in his. "To-day we take off the bandage. Are you brave enough to bear whatever happens? The least excitement would be detrimental."

No need of answer. One look into her innocent brown eyes was enough. "God bless you, little girl! Come."

Dr. Lill was bending over Christoph. He removed the bandage. "Look up, Christoph." The child slowly opened his eyes. For a moment, dazed and bewildered, he said nothing; and then, taking a long breath, he cried, "My sister, I see you!" He gently turned his head; his eye met Dr. Lill's. "Is this the dear Christ, Else?" And Dr. Lill, bowing his head, answered gravely, "No, dear boy; only one of his messengers." But Else, kneeling by the bedside, looks into the grave, calm face. "Surely, surely he is made in his image!" she whispers softly to herself.

HOW A FOX SAVED THE GENERAL.

BY MRS. ABBIE M. GANNETT.

Over six hundred years before Christ, a bitter war was waging between two tribes in the southern part of Greece. The Spartans and Messenians had long hated each other. There are various reports as to the first cause of their enmity.

One report is, that in the early divisions of land unfair advantage was given the Messenians. Another is, that it grew out of the dealings of a cattle-holder of Messenia with a Spartan. Polycrates, who owned the herd, let them out to graze in the pastures of the latter. The understanding was that the profits should be equally divided. The Spartan sold the cattle and kept the money, pretending that they were carried off by robbers. Polycrates convinced him that he knew of the theft, and the frightened Spartan then said that if Polycrates would send his son for the money he should receive it. But when the young man came, the treacherous Spartan killed him. Polycrates called upon the magistrates for justice, but they would not listen to him. Then, in revenge, he vowed to slay every Spartan who crossed the border; and he kept his word. Friends flocked to both sides, and the strife grew into war.

If this really was the cause of the nations' enmity, it is probably also true that the Spartans

coveted the fertile lands of their neighbors, and were determined to add them to their own less favored fields. Messenia was rich in beautiful and protected valleys, well-watered and green, while Sparta was cut up by sterile hills. Besides, the Spartans' chief culture was training for military skill, and naturally they turned toward conquest.

Aristomenes was the leader of the Messenians. He was as brave and patriotic, and fought as devotedly to save his country, as any general of modern times. He came from a family of illustrious men, and the Messenians had wished to make him king, but he did not care for a name, only to preserve his native land.

After taking command, he did one of the bravest of acts. In a former battle he had won a shield from a Spartan. He went secretly to Sparta by night, and entering the temple of the goddess Minerva, fixed the shield against the wall bearing these words: "To Minerva, from Aristomenes." He could have offered no bolder challenge to his enemies.

With so courageous a leader, the Messenians were for a long time successful. But the Spartans, being better trained, began at length to win. In one of the hardest-fought battles Aristomenes, with many of his soldiers, was taken prisoner.

We think modern warfare cruel, but the modes of those ancient days seem worse. Aristomenes and his men were thrown into a deep cave by a mountain side, and left there to die of hunger; that is, those who remained alive after the fall. We frequently read of the conquered being thus left to starvation.

In this case, only the general lived, the others being destroyed on the sharp rocks. There in the darkness, surrounded by his dead comrades, Aristomenes lived for three days. How sad must have been his thoughts, save as he remembered that his sufferings were in the cause of the country he so loved! A great, good mind is never wholly sad, even in the worst calamity. He has great, good thoughts still for company.

Near the end of the third day, when he was nearly perishing, Aristomenes saw two bright eyes gleaming near him. A quick flash of thought revealed to him that the animal, whatever it was, had come in from some concealed opening to the cave. It was probably looking for prey. How his heart beat when he saw that it was only a fox, and he resolved that this fox should save him!

He seized the animal's tail. It turned about and ran for the way by which it had come. The general held on for his life, and at last breathless and exhausted, he found himself in the safety of the open fields. How he must have blessed the fox!

When he appeared among his countrymen, they looked upon his escape as a miracle, as a sign from the gods to show that they should yet conquer. They rallied around him in greater numbers. We are glad to know that in the next battles the Messenians were victorious. Of course they always believed that the fox had been especially sent by the gods to save Aristomenes. We to-day smile at such a belief; and yet, is there not some part of a truth in it?

When a man is in the right, do not the smallest and most unexpected things seem to fit in toward shaping his success? Does not this show us that nothing is accidental; that all are parts of the working of that Higher Law that hedges in the right?

I REPORT as a man may of God's work, — all 's love, yet all 's law.

Teachers' Department.

[At the December Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union a valuable paper was read by Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, of Hopedale, on "General Exercises in Sunday-Schools." This paper contains so much food for thought and so many practical suggestions that we shall give it to our readers entire, — the first part in this number, and the second part in our next.]

GENERAL EXERCISES IN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

BY REV. LEWIS G. WILSON.

In our general exercises, as in all other departments of Sunday-school work, it is just possible that we may proceed upon an incorrect theory concerning the possibilities and requirements of the class of human beings we have to edify. The child-nature is religious, but not ecclesiastical; it is devotional, it is not theological. The filial instinct in the child corresponds to the religious sentiment in the adult. It is therefore the business of the Sunday-school and of the church also, so far as it is related to the child, to evolve the religious sentiment out of the filial instinct. If it were possible for all parents to "train up their children in the way they should go," there would be absolutely no need of the Sunday-school. For when the time came that the child had learned by experience that his parent is neither infallible, omnipotent, nor altogether good, he would have already come to realize, by the example and teaching of those very parents, that the Heavenly Father possessed these attributes, and that in him their trust should be reposed, and that to him their adoration might ever properly be given. In short, it is a mere matter of evolution, and it is the mission of the Sunday-school in all its various departments to promote that evolution. It is the mission of the general exercises to do for the child what nourishment does for the plant. The general exercise should have all the elements of sincerity and none of the elements of pietism. Pietism is naturally obnoxious to children, for its tendencies lead in the direction of the expression of what is not felt. This native fondness for genuineness and spontaneity of expression in children is the star of Bethlehem to the Unitarian body, for it stands over the cradle of our salvation. And if we are the "wise men" and women that we ought to be as Sunday-school teachers, we shall follow that star, and open our treasures beside that cradle.

The child naturally enough, when it feels a sudden outflowing of affection toward its parent, finds a posture and a ceremony on the responsive bosom of its parent. We may therefore well question the expediency of endeavoring to teach that child to observe the posture and the ceremony when it feels within not the slightest disposition to enact it. We should aim to preserve, increase, and inspire this native integrity of the child until it shall give direction to all his interests as a man and offspring of the heavenly parent.

I take it (and almost any one who has watched the predilections of his own children will bear me out in the statement) that the average child is not naturally given to worshipping his *heavenly* father. And yet he may have all the potentialities of a profound religious nature. The idea of a heavenly father is largely an abstract one, and no child under twelve or fourteen years of age has come to deal very extensively in abstract ideas; so that it is not only an impossibility for him to transfer his adoration from concrete earthly parents to an abstract heavenly one, it is likewise an absurdity to suppose that any external symbols — postures, rites, and ceremonies — can impose the true spirit of worship upon him. This is why I believe that pietism has a tendency to cause the child to express what he does not feel. This was the trouble with the forms of religion we protest against as Unitarians, and this spirit of protest carried to an extreme is the reason why there is so much impatience with religion itself. We want the children to express simply what they can feel, in order to nourish within them no Pharisaic hypocrisy; and we want them to feel what they express, — and that only, — in order that our teachings may keep pace with the growing requirements of their spirits. The aim, therefore, of our general exercises among other branches of Sunday-school work should be to encourage and promote the unfolding of that wondrous part of every human being which causes it to recognize first the tenderness and love of its mother, then the affectionate guardianship of its father, and then, when it has learned that a greater thing is needed, the final solicitude of an everlasting God. We are to do this by methods interesting to children, rather than to adults. We are to appeal to their minds and hearts through their eyes and ears, rather than through the medium of the reflective faculty. We are to do this because it is the *natural* way. We must use what we actually have, not what we hope to acquire; and we all know that eyes and ears are far the largest channels of communication to the *head*quarters of boys and girls.

First of all, before we enter upon particulars, I wish to anticipate an explanation which the context of this paper would seem to demand. We shall have occasion to ask the question, "Why do we, in these exercises, teach some things which we can hardly hope young children will understand?" It is because we propose to form a *habit* of thought, rather than the immediate material of thought. For instance, provided the eye is trained by seeing beautiful sights, and the ear is trained by hearing beautiful sounds, we do not so much care if those sights and sounds are not fully understood. The effect is to develop a standard of beauty, by means of beautiful images and sounds, — a standard which, once developed within them at an early age, cannot well be lowered. To illustrate, — if the ear of the child is trained to the rhythm, and the imagination is educated to appreciate the symbolism, of such a passage as this, —

> The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.
> He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters; he restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.
> Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me, —

he will hardly come to feel very much pleasure in such a stanza as this, when employed in his devotions: —

> "I 've found a Friend: oh, such a Friend!
> He loved me ere I knew him;
> He drew me with the cords of love,
> And thus he bound me to him."

The allegorical meaning lurking within the psalm we do not now care so much about. That may well be left until the reflective faculty is developed. Then the mind will find itself in possession of a religious trust that will be helpful in a thousand experiences of life. This is educating the religious nature, the fountain of the motives, and *not* the understanding. This is why we teach some things which the child cannot demonstrate intellectually; the aim being to produce a certain *habit* of thought. Fortunately for the lamb, it inherits a tendency to eat grass. Were it not for this tendency he might eat "sheep's-bane," and that would be the death of him. The habit of selecting and eating grass in this instance is of quite as much importance as the grass itself; so it is with our own lambs. We want them to acquire a habit of wholesome and righteous and reverent thought. The public school and the world at large will furnish the material as bountifully as nature furnishes the grass of the field. It is the business of the Sunday-school to foster a tendency in our children to select and love and assimilate that which will naturally sustain and invigorate them, rather than that which will be moral and spiritual death to them. I mention this fact, for it is the one above all others that we should keep in mind in arranging our general exercises.

But now, how are we to employ the ears and eyes of our children so as to develop this admirable tendency? First of all, since the child is religious and not ecclesiastical, devotional and not theological, we are going to cut loose from ecclesiasticism and theology in our *general exercises*. We are going to fill the room so full of sound that, whether or not the little ones understand the meaning of what is said, they cannot help taking in righteousness "through the pores," as one writer would have put it. I believe we sometimes under-estimate the advantage of having the children sing songs and repeat words in unison. How often have I seen the little people — so small as not to be able to read or write — wreathing their lips and tongues into the rhythm and articulation of beautiful sentences the practical meaning of which they are not to know for years, and yet, by the sheer momentum of the united voices of the Sunday-school, impressing every syllable and word upon their plastic minds so deeply as never to be effaced! Now, I believe that the mere impressions which are thus made give form and character to the spirit, — mould it into such a shape as to make it incapable of being fitted into any ugly matrix which in after-life the world may afford.

I need not say that the service-books put into our hands admirably fill a place in the order of the general exercises. All our schools, I suppose, using some one of these books, engage in such responsive readings and hymns as they prescribe. Too many of our schools turn from these services directly to the lessons and thus lose many of the best influences which result from continuing them in various ways.

By means of the blackboard upon which the stanzas are written, a *new song* should be presented.

A Sunday-school within which the learning of new hymns and tunes forms a constant part of the general exercises, I have noticed takes great pleasure in attending what we may call our "praise meetings," where hymns are sung by the congregation in particular. I would suggest that the learning of these new songs occupy the time immediately preceding the half-hour for lessons, and that general exercises of a more regular nature follow directly the service from the service-book.

(*To be continued in our next number.*)

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

The sessions of the Sunday-School Institute at Chicago, referred to in the last number of Every Other Sunday ("Hints for Teachers"), seem to have been well planned and to have awakened interest and even enthusiasm among the teachers who attended them. There is no reason why such institutes should not be held from time to time here at the East, in regions remote from Boston, which has in the Sunday-School Union a permanent monthly institute. But to succeed, such meetings require wise planning, good management, and the attendance of the teachers for whom they are arranged.

Christmas services and Christmas festivals occupied our Sunday-schools from Christmas Eve to New Year's Day. One of the pleasantest of these occasions that came under the Editor's notice was the Christmas party given by the Channing Sunday-School in Newton, on the evening of December 30. The special guests of the school at this party were thirty children from the Home of the Children's Mission in Boston. With these guests the scholars of the school and their teachers sat down to a good supper at half past five o'clock, after which all adjourned to the handsome and brilliantly lighted parlors of the church. Here addresses were made by Mr. Crosby of the Mission and Deacon Tyler of the Sunday-school, also for many years one of the Trustees of the Mission. Then followed some excellent singing of Kindergarten and other songs by the Mission children, making a pleasant prelude to the rendering of the "Flower Queen" Cantata by a number of the girls of the Channing School. The girls were fancifully dressed, in imitation of various flowers, the stage prettily set with garden and forest scenes, and the performance gave great delight to the audience, — a delight which to the children of the Mission was the crowning pleasure of the day and evening.

From far-off Dundee in Scotland, the Editor receives word that at the Christmas celebration this year, the Sunday-School Service for 1886, published by the Sunday-School Society, was rendered by the children of the Unitarian Sunday-school. This school takes forty copies of Every Other Sunday. Rev. Mr. Williamson, the pastor, writes that he has lately organized a music class of sixty members, and hopes with the help of this class to make the praise element in the school services more effective.

The Editor's Study.

The publishers of the new and handsome edition of Browning's Complete Works, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, have sent us a beautiful little volume entitled Lyrics, Idyls, and Romances, selected from the Poems of Robert Browning. This is just the book to place in the hands of young people who may wish to read some of the choicest of the short poems of this great writer. Not to know these poems is to miss knowing some of the noblest and most inspiring poetry of modern literature.

Another charming story-book from the German of Madame Spyri, the author of "Heidi," comes to us from the publishers, Messrs. Cupples and Hurd of Boston. This is Gritli's Children, translated by Louise Brooks, two volumes in one. We can heartily commend it as a book for the Sunday-school library and for the home. As was said of the author's earlier volume, this is a book which children of all ages will read with delight, and parents and teachers will share the children's enjoyment.

We give below the first list for 1887–88 of books recommended by the Ladies' Commission. As these books have been carefully read by several ladies, all skilled in the knowledge of what is good reading for the young, their word of commendation should have weight with parents and librarians.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

A Flock of Girls. Nora Perry. Ticknor & Co. 1888. pp. 280. $1.50.

A collection of sketches (many of them appearing first in "St. Nicholas") of girls of differing characters, each clearly drawn, having her own story, and teaching her own lesson not obtrusively. Both interesting and suggestive.

After School Days. Christina Goodwin. D. Lothrop & Co. 1887. pp. 196. $1.00.

The careers of four school friends as they take up the later duties of life. It has excellent lessons in self-respect and self-help, and a touch of romance intermixed.

Thorn-Apples. Emily Huntington Miller. N. S. Phillips & Hunt. $1.00.

The story of a bright, conscientious girl of sixteen and how much she accomplished, with the help of older people, by doing whatever came to her hand, while hoping for some great thing. The scene is chiefly a forlorn settlement in Colorado. All the characters are well drawn and the story is interesting throughout. The phraseology is Methodist.

Silverthorns. Mrs. Molesworth. N. S. E. P. Dutton & Co. pp. 271.

An English story, taking its title from an old mansion with a haunted room and what may be a ghost, or owls! But the point of the story lies in the characters and experiences of two very natural and lovable school girls, and the lesson is of the folly and danger of envy and prejudice, taught by none of the conventional meanness and deceit, but with all Mrs. Molesworth's charm.

The Pursuit of Happiness. Count Leo Tolstoï. D. Lothrop & Co.

Some of Count Tolstoï's parables teaching Christian love in pictures of Russian life.

Swiss Stories. Johanna Spyri. D. Lothrop & Co.

This volume, published as *new*, includes *five* stories, of which *two* are the "Red-Letter Stories" published by Lothrop & Co. in 1885. The preface is apparently the one to the 1885 volume, as it promises "Uncle Titus" soon; and that was in print more than six months ago. The new stories of this volume are of the same character as the old ones.

BOOKS FOR BOYS.

Scapegrace Dick. Frances Mary Peard. N. S. Thomas Whittaker, 213 Bible House. pp. 288. $1.05 *net*.

A story of the time of the English Commonwealth. The hero runs away from home, becomes a sailor under Blake, is captured by the Dutch, and makes acquaintance with Gerhard Dow and Rembrandt's family. The boy is honest and brave, and the story well told.

Jack Hall. Robert Grant. Jordan, Marsh, & Co. $1.00.

A good boy's story, modelled on "Tom Brown," even to the long description of school games (in this case base-ball instead of cricket), but with marked distinction between English and American boys and customs. There is the usual and natural amount of mischief in school and out; but the boy is an honest, well-bred fellow, and the elders are sensible.

When I was a Boy in China. San Phou Lee. D. Lothrop & Co. 1887. pp. 111. 60 cents.

The life of a Chinese boy, showing many of the beliefs and customs of the people in a way to interest children.

FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN.

Juan and Juanita. F. C. Baylor. Ticknor & Co. $1.50.

A story founded on the real adventures of two little Mexican children, who were stolen by Indians, escaped, and succeeded in reaching Texas over miles of uninhabited country. It has all the charm of wild adventure and successful daring. It has been the serial story of "St. Nicholas" the current year, and is well illustrated.

Dandelion Clocks. Peace Egg. S. P. C. K. E. & J. B. Young, New York.

These are two of Mrs. Ewing's little books, which delight children and elder people as well.

"Dandelion Clocks" has several stories illustrative of some German pictures, and legendary.

"Peace Egg" tells of some children's Christmas play, by means of which their unknown grandfather was reconciled to his daughter, their mother, who had married against his will.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

The uniform subscription price of Every Other Sunday is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper, will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,

25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.